

SCARAMOUCHE

by Rafael Sabatini

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

"Uncle," Aline said, leaving Andre and crossing to M. de Keradion, "you make me ashamed of you! To allow a feeling of peevishness to overwhelm all your affection for Andre!"

"I have no affection for him. I had once. He chose to extinguish it. He can go to the devil, and please observe that I don't permit you to interfere."

Andre-Louis shrugged his shoulders and hung his head. He had come there so joyously, in such yearning, merely to receive a final dismissal. He looked at Aline. Her face was pale and

she bowed with that singular grace the fencing-room had given him and went out by the door.

"Oh, it is cruel!" cried Aline, in a stifled voice, her hands clenched, and she sprang to the window.

"Aline!" her uncle's voice arrested her. "Where are you going?"

watched her half-averted face.

"M. de Cautron conveyed my decision to him, and afterwards represented him to me as a man in despair, repentant, ready to give proofs—any proofs—of his sincerity and devotion to me. He told me that M. de La Tour d'Azyr had sworn to him that he would cut short that affair, that he would see La Binet no more. And then, on the very next day I heard of his having all but lost his life in that riot at the theater."

"Oh, if M. de La Tour d'Azyr has sworn..." Andre-Louis was laughing on a bitter note of sarcasm.

Either she did not hear or did not heed him.

"You do not of your own knowledge know that it was not M. de La Tour d'Azyr who asserted that he went to the Feydau that night?"

"I don't," he admitted. "It is, of course, possible. But does it matter?"

"It might matter. Tell me: what became of La Binet after all?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?" She turned to consider him. "And you can say it with that indifference! I thought..."

"I thought you loved her, Andre."

"So did I, for a little while. I was mistaken. It required a La Tour d'Azyr to disclose the truth

taken this precociously intelligent wide-eyed lad to her heart.

"Give him to me, Cousin Quintin," he remembered her saying on the last of those days to his godfather. "Let me take him back with me to Versailles as my adopted child."

But the Seigneur had gravely shaken his head in silent refusal and there had been no further question of such a thing. And then, when she said goodby to him—there flooding back to him now—there had been tears in her eyes.

"Think of me sometimes, Andre-Louis," had been her last words.

But all was vividly remembered now upon beholding her again, after sixteen years, profoundly changed and matured, the girl sunk in this worldly woman with the air of calm dignity and complete self-possession. Yet, he insisted he must have known her anywhere again.

Aline embraced her affectionately and then answering the questioning glance with faintly raised eyebrows that madame was directly toward Aline's companion—

"This is Andre-Louis," she said. "You remember Andre-Louis, madame."

Madame checked. Andre-Louis saw the surprise ripple over her face, taking with it some of her color, leaving her for a moment breathless.

And then the voice—the well-remembered, soft, sweet voice—repeated his name: "Andre-Louis."

Her manner of uttering it suggested that it awakened memories, memories perhaps of the departed youth with which it was associated.

"But of course I remember him," she said at last, and came toward him putting out her hand. He kissed it dutifully, submissively, instinctively. "And this is what you have grown into?" She appraised him, and he flushed with pride at the satisfaction in her tone. He seemed to have gone back sixteen years, and to be again the little

brother, the little brother who had been at Gavrilac. She turned to Aline. "How mistaken Quintin was in his assumptions. He was pleased to see him again, was he not?"

"So pleased, madame, that he has shown me the door," said Andre-Louis.

"Ah!" She frowned, conning him still with those dark wistful eyes of hers. "We must change that, Aline. I will plead for you. Andre-Louis, I am a good advocate."

(Continued in Next Issue)

THIRD SON LOSE LIFE

WIERTON, W. Va., July 7.—Earnest Rest, 10, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Rest, was drowned while swimming in King's Creek, near here. The lad is the third son of Mr. and Mrs. Rest to meet a violent death in a period of a few years.

William, the youngest son of the ill-fated family, was burned to death three years ago when the home of the family was destroyed by fire. A year later another son was killed by an automobile. The father is seriously ill in a hospital.

WANT MORE MEMBERS.

An appeal to all eligible former service men in the community to join the Fairmont post of the American Legion has been issued by Lawrence M. Cunningham, commander of the local post, which has just received a citation for meritorious service from Andrew Edmiston of Weston, department commander, for its increase in membership during the present year.

APPLIES FOR PENSION

An application for a pension for Henry L. Sloan of Monongah has been filed with the Pension Bureau of Washington by Senator Howard Sutherland, according to word received here.

Miss Lillian H. Tatcher is England's first woman insurance broker.

BASEMENT SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY

| | | | |
|-----------------------|--------|--------------------------|-----|
| SUGAR | \$1.75 | Galvanized Pails | 33c |
| 25 Pound | | 14 Quart | |
| Oil Cloth—Any Pattern | 30c | Van Camp's Tomato | 25c |
| Per Yard | | Soup, 3 Cans | |
| Baker's Shredded | 15c | Evaporated Peaches | 21c |
| Cocoanut, Per Box | | Per Pound | |
| Rinso, Small Size | 8c | Parlor Brooms | 43c |
| Per Box | | Each | |
| Pan Handle Macaroni | 25c | Lord Baltimore Alarm | 98c |
| 3 Boxes | | Clocks | |
| Hotel Astor Tea | 25c | Battleship Mustard, Pint | 15c |
| Two Boxes | | Jar—Per Jar | |

Golden Bros
On Golden Corner Fairmont

DISASTER FEARED WITH COMING OF BELLED BUZZARD

Superstitious Residents of Southern West Virginia Become Alarmed

MARLINTON, W. Va., July 8.—The far-famed "belled" buzzard, claimed by pioneer residents to be more than a hundred years old, again is hovering over the hills of Pocahontas, Monroe and Mercer counties. Superstitious residents fear a disaster is imminent in which there will be great loss of life. They point to past occasions when the "belled" buzzard made its appearance a few weeks before guerrilla warfare and floods visited Southern West Virginia.

For three months prior to the Cabin Creek strike nine years ago, the buzzard circled the territory in a radius of 100 miles. Later it was reported to have been seen on the Mexican border when there was fighting between forces of Mexicans. The bird returned to West Virginia several years ago when there was loss of life by floods. For a year it was in Mingo county and was the target of many miners.

R. W. Skaggs of Wolf Creek claims to have seen the belled buzzard a few days ago on his farm. He said it was flying so low that the bell around its neck could be heard distinctly. Two years ago, Mr. Skaggs saw the bird and told friends one of its legs had become entangled in the strap which held the bell around its neck. It was then thought that the bird had died as it was not seen again until a few weeks ago.

Warren Carpenter of Laurel Creek saw the buzzard recently and also said it was flying so low that the bell could be plainly seen. It was flying over the farm of O. W. and L. S. Carpenter.

Traditions has it that the buzzard was captured by pioneer white residents of West Virginia shortly after the war of 1812. The story goes that two men approached the bird while it was in the carcass of an old horse and made a prisoner of the bird.

The men tied the small bell and a gourd around the buzzard's neck, traditions says, and a strip of white cloth to its feet. It was then liberated and when high in the air had the appearance of an eagle with a baby in its talons. The gourd and cloth became unfettered in some way but the bell remains on the bird's neck to this day.

No one has ever been able to approach the bird, and residents are afraid to shoot it, fearing dire disaster.

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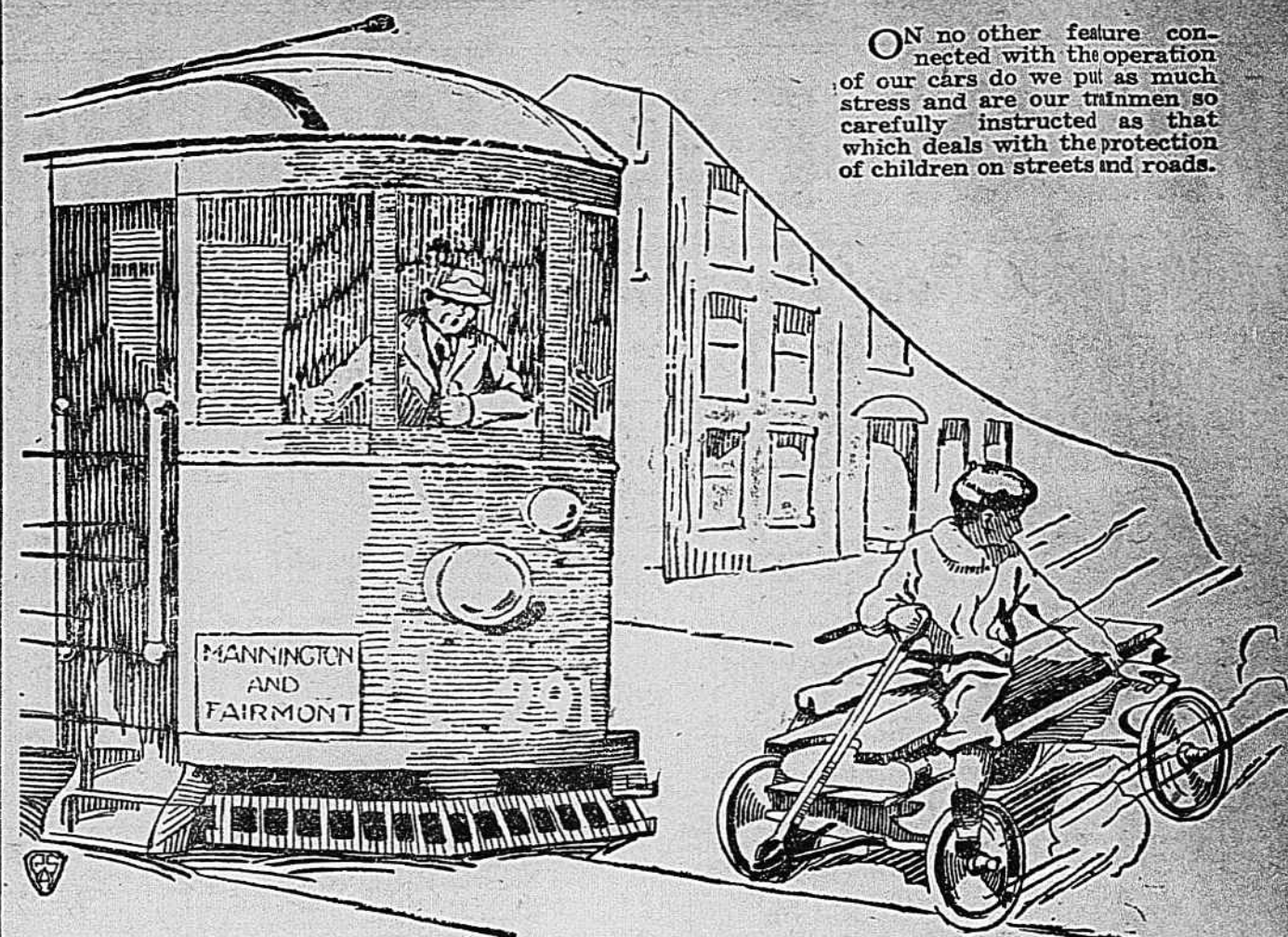
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ON no other feature connected with the operation of our cars do we put as much stress and are our trainmen so carefully instructed as that which deals with the protection of children on streets and roads.

Won't You Please Teach Your Children To Avoid Doing These Things Which Might Mean Injury or Death To Them?---

In their childish glee and enthusiasm while at play, in the street or along the roadway, they daily do some of these very dangerous things which might mean a fractured skull, broken or loss of limbs, or arms, dislocations or death:

- Attempt to "hook" a ride and be dragged under the wheels of a heavy car;
- Riding their coaster wagons or ponies upon our tracks directly in front of a fast moving car;
- Rolling a hoop, chasing a ball or other playthings to opposite side of street, or road, in front of one of our cars;
- Crossing in front of or grabbing hold of a moving car while on roller skates.
- Trying to race with one of our cars or crossing a street or crossing directly in front of moving car or holding on to a car while riding a bicycle is very, very dangerous for sometime they may lose their balance and fall upon the tracks.

WE kindly urge parents to warn their children of great danger that lurks near them when they play in the streets, or road, in close vicinity to our tracks where fast moving cars are passing frequently and to caution the dear little ones not to attempt crossing a street or crossing without obeying the "Safety First" signal—Stop! Look! Listen!—and instruct them that they should keep in mind at all times these two things about a traction car:

FIRST:—It runs on two rails and cannot turn out or dodge you in the street, road or at a crossing; you must give a street car the right of way.

SECOND:—A traction car weighs on an average of 40,000 lbs and is so big and heavy that it cannot be stopped quickly. This is why boys and girls should be carefully cautioned to be cautious in the vicinity of traction tracks.

IT IS DANGEROUS to steal rides on the rear of street cars because you may lose your grip and be thrown to the pavement, fracture your skull or break a limb, or you may be run over by an automobile which is following close behind.



Won't You Please Co-Operate With Us In Protecting The Lives of All Those About Us?
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